

TWELVE HYMNS

*As they are sung*

*At the Right Honourable*

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON'S

CHAPPEL IN BATH.

*Set to Music by*

**BENJ.<sup>N</sup> MILGROVE.** Book 2<sup>nd</sup>

*Printed and Published According to Act of Parliament. 1771.*

# H Y M N I

## With Spirit

## 2. Treble

Come, let us join our chearful Songs, With Angels round the Throne; Ten

# Air

Come, let us join our chearful Songs, With Angels round the Throne; Ten

## Bafs

Come, let us join our chearful Songs, With Angels round the Throne; Ten

thousand thousand are their Tongues; but all their Joys are one. Hal-le-lu-jah Hal-le -

thouſand thouſand are their Tongues; but all their Joys are one. Hal-le-lu-jah. Hal-le-

thouſand thouſand are their Tongues; but all their Joys are one. Hal-le-lu-jah Hal-le-

Three staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: -lujah Hal - - le - - lu - - jah Hal-le-lujah Halle-lujah Hal - - le - lu - jah.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,  
 To be exalted thus;  
 Worthy the Lamb, our Hearts reply,  
 For he was Slain for us.

Hallelujah.

Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honour and Pow'r divine;  
 And Blessings more than we can give,  
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

Hallelujah.

The whole Creation join in one,  
 To blefs the sacred Name  
 Of Him that fits upon the Throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb.

Hallelujah.



## HYMN II

Slow

Thou Lamb of God once Slain, Think now up - - on thy Pain,

Thou Lamb of God once Slain, Think now up - - on thy Pain,

Air

Thou Lamb of God once Slain, Think now up - - on thy Pain,

Thou Lamb of God once Slain, Think now up - - on thy Pain,

And be - fore thy Mercy Seat Let thy Merits in - ter - cede,

And be - fore thy Mercy Seat Let thy Merits in - ter - cede,

And be - fore thy Mercy Seat Let thy Merits in - ter - cede,

And be - fore thy Mercy Seat Let thy Merits in - ter - cede,

Plead for us thy bloody Sweat, Pour down Bleffings on our Head.

Plead for us thy bloody Sweat, Pour down Bleffings on our Head.

Plead for us thy bloody Sweat, Pour down Bleffings on our Head.

Plead for us thy bloody Sweat, Pour down Bleffings on our Head.

Our Souls, with inmost shame,  
Address thy holy Name,  
Here to find thee inly near,  
Present to each waiting Soul!  
Ev'ry drooping Sinner chear,  
Breathe thy Spirit through the whole.

We Sinners humbly crave  
Thy Prefence here to have,  
In this Place to find Thee true  
To thy Promises of Grace;  
Still to own the gather'd Few,  
Giving them thy Life and Peace.

Each hindrance, Lord, remove,  
By pouring in thy Love;  
Let those bleeding Wounds of thine  
Sparkling to our Hearts appear;  
With peculiar Lustre shine,  
Gladden ev'ry Sinner here.

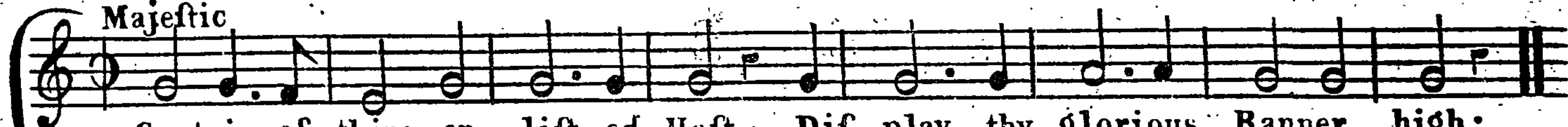
From thy Majestic Throne  
In Mercy, Lord, look down;  
View the Souls a thirst for Thee,  
Take them to thy kind embrace;  
Each adores, with bended Knee,  
All the Glories of thy Grace.

No more we want below  
Than Thee, our God, to know;  
Thee to love with keen desire,  
Softened through that atoning Blood;  
Fill'd with the Angelic Fire,  
Fill'd with all the Life of God.

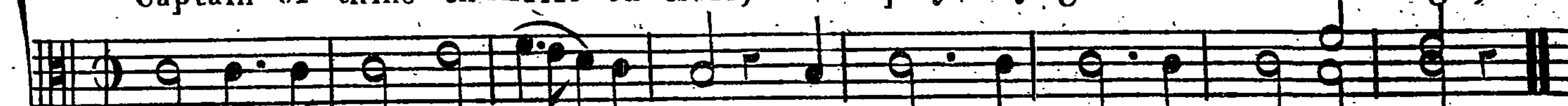


## HYMN III

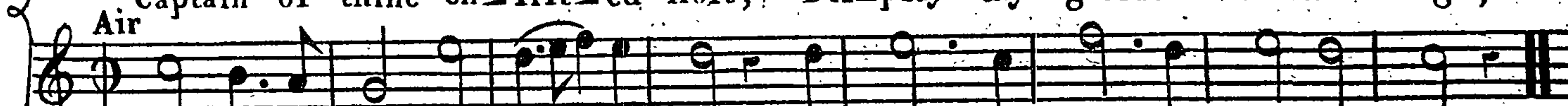
Majestic



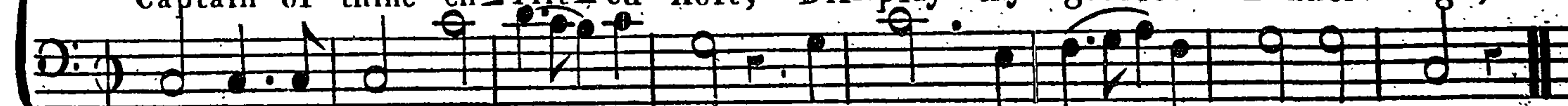
Captain of thine en-lift-ed Host, Dif-play thy glorious Banner high;



Captain of thine en-lift-ed Host, Dif-play thy glorious Banner high;



Captain of thine en-lift-ed Host, Dif-play thy glorious Banner high;



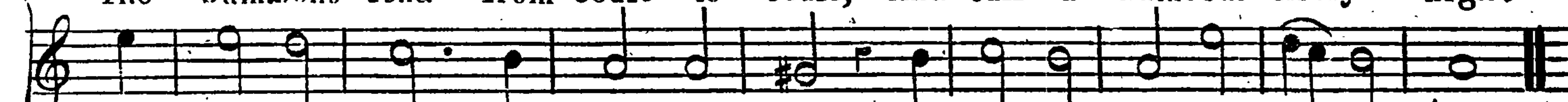
Captain of thine en-lift-ed Host, Dif-play thy glorious Banner high;



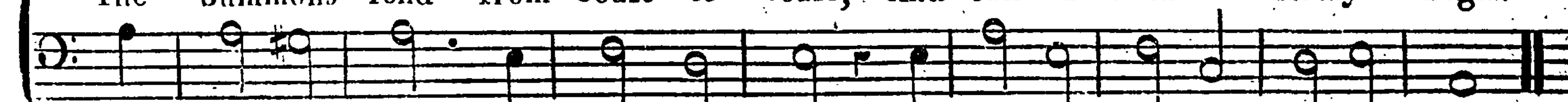
The Summons fend from Coast to Coast, And call a num'rous Army nigh.



The Summons fend from Coast to Coast, And call a num'rous Army nigh.



The Summons fend from Coast to Coast, And call a num'rous Army nigh.



The Summons fend from Coast to Coast, And call a num'rous Army nigh.

Captain of thine en-list-ed Host, Dis-play thy glorious Banner high.

Captain of thine en-list-ed Host, Dis-play thy glorious Banner high.

Captain of thine en-list-ed Host, Dis-play thy glorious Banner high.

Captain of thine en-list-ed Host, Dis-play thy glorious Banner high.

A solemn Jubilee proclaim,  
 Proclaim the great Sabbatic Day;  
 Assert the Glories of thy Name  
 Spoil Satan of his wish'd for Prey.  
 Captain of thine enlisted Host,  
 Display thy glorious Banner high.

Bid, bid thy Heralds publish loud  
 The peaceful Blessings of thy Reign:  
 And when they speak of sprinkling Blood,  
 The Mystery to the Heart explain.  
 Captain of thine enlisted Host,  
 Display thy glorious Banner high.

Lord shed thy Light, make plain the Way,  
 That leads to Sion's lofty Tow'r;  
 Pierc'd by thy Beams let Night be Day;  
 So shall we see and Praise thy Pow'r.  
 Captain of thine enlisted Host,  
 Display thy glorious Banner high.



# H Y M N IV

With Spirit, but not too fast

A wake and sing the Song of Moses and the Lamb; Wake ev'ry Heart, and

A wake and sing the Song of Moses and the Lamb; Wake ev'ry Heart, and

A wake and sing the Song of Moses and the Lamb; Wake ev'ry Heart, and

A wake and sing the Song of Moses and the Lamb; Wake ev'ry Heart, and

ev'ry Tongue, to praise the Saviour's Name. to praise the Saviour's Name. to praise the

ev'ry Tongue, to praise the Saviour's Name. to praise the Saviour's Name. to praise the

ev'ry Tongue, to praise the Saviour's Name. to praise the Saviour's Name. to praise the

ev'ry Tongue, to praise the Saviour's Name. to praise the Saviour's Name. to praise the





Saviour's Name - . Wake ev'ry Heart, and ev'ry Tongue, to praise the Saviour's Name.

Saviour's Name - . Wake ev'ry Heart, and ev'ry Tongue, to praise the Saviour's Name.

Saviour's Name - . Wake ev'ry Heart, and ev'ry Tongue, to praise the Saviour's Name.

Saviour's Name - . Wake ev'ry Heart, and ev'ry Tongue, to praise the Saviour's Name.

Sing of his dying Love,  
Sing of his rising Pow'r  
Sing how He intercedes above  
For those whose Sins He bore.

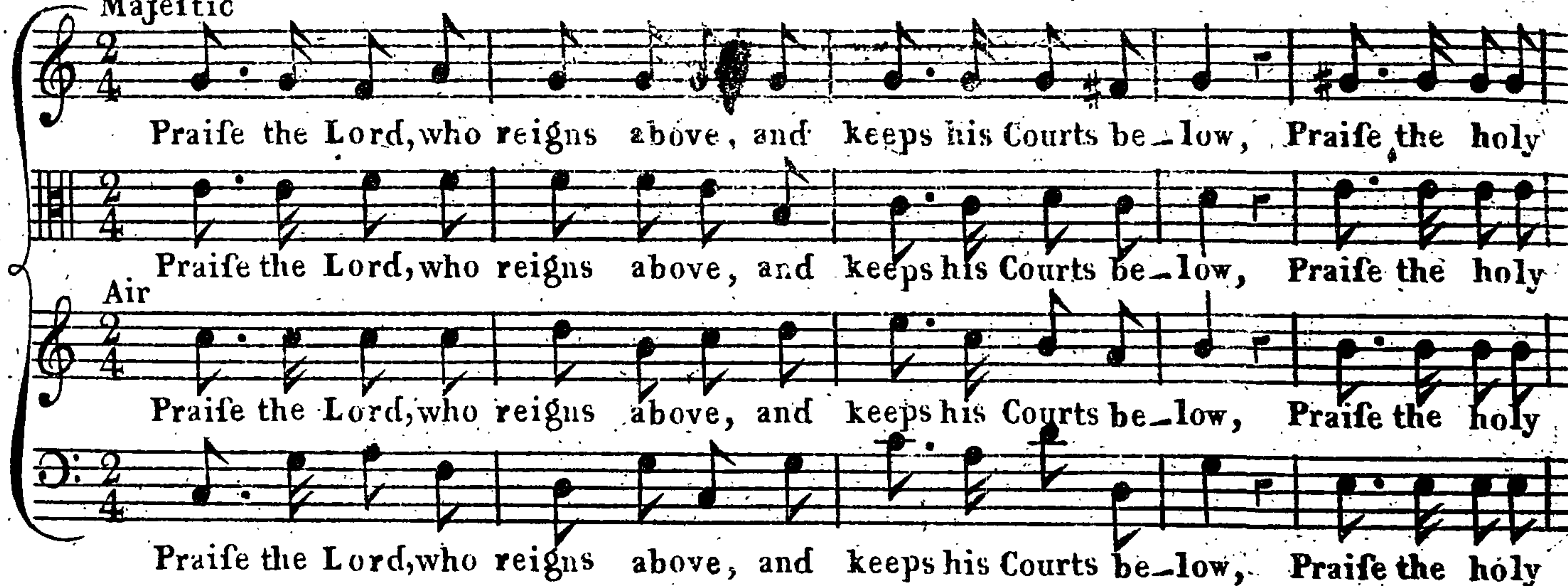
Sing, till we feel our Hearts  
Ascending with our Tongues:  
Sing, till the Love of Sin departs,  
And Grace inspires our Songs.

Sing on your heavenly Way,  
Ye ransom'd Sinners sing:  
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry Day,  
In Christ th'eternal King.

Soon shall ye hear Him say  
"Ye blest Children, come,"  
Soon will he call you hence away,  
To take his Wand'ers home.

## HYMN V

Majestic



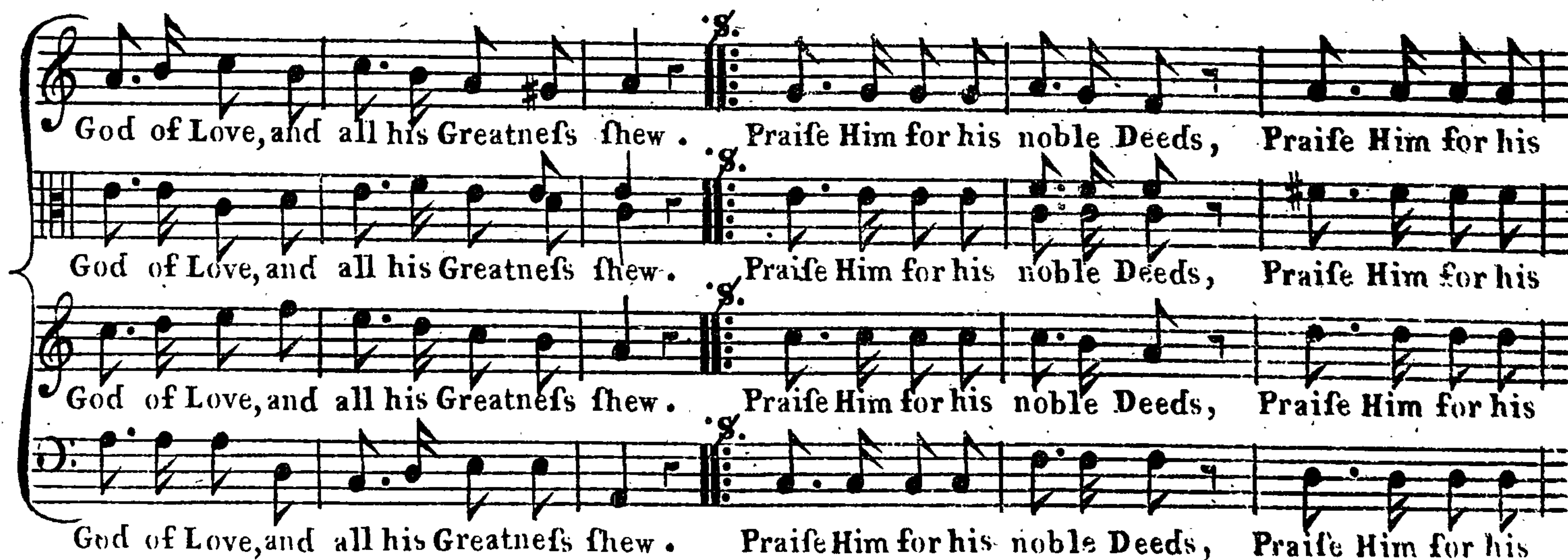
Praise the Lord, who reigns above, and keeps his Courts be-low, Praise the holy

Praise the Lord, who reigns above, and keeps his Courts be-low, Praise the holy

Air

Praise the Lord, who reigns above, and keeps his Courts be-low, Praise the holy

Praise the Lord, who reigns above, and keeps his Courts be-low, Praise the holy



God of Love, and all his Greatness shew. Praise Him for his noble Deeds, Praise Him for his

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God of Love, and all his Greatness shew. Praise Him for his noble Deeds, Praise Him for his



matchless Pow'r: Him from whom all Good proceeds, Let Earth and Heav'n a-dore .

matchless Pow'r: Him from whom all Good proceeds, Let Earth and Heav'n a-dore .

matchless Pow'r: Him from whom all Good proceeds, Let Earth and Heav'n a-dore .

matchless Pow'r: Him from whom all Good proceeds, Let Earth and Heav'n a-dore .

Publish, spread to all around

The great Immanuel's Name :

Let the Trumpets martial sound,

Him Lord of Hosts proclaim :

Praise Him ev'ry tuneful String,

All the Reach of heav'nly Art :

All the Pow'rs of Music bring,

The Music of the Heart .

Him in whom they move and live

Let ev'ry Creature sing :

Glory to their Maker give,

And Homage to their King .

Hallow'd be his Name beneath,

As in Heav'n on Earth ador'd :

Praise the Lord in ev'ry Breath ;

Let all things praise the Lord !

## HYMN VI

**Affectionately** **Soft**

0 Jesu, my God, come make thine a - - bode with - in my poor Heart: with -

**Air** **Soft**

0 Jesu, my God, come make thine a - - bode with - in my poor Heart: with -

0 Jesu, my God, come make thine a - - bode with - in my poor Heart: with -

- in my poor Heart: with - in my poor Heart: 0 Je - su, come quickly, 0 Jesu, come

- in my poor Heart: with - in my poor Heart: Women alone

- in my poor Heart: with - in my poor Heart: 0 Je - su, come quickly, 0 Jesu, come

- in my poor Heart: with - in my poor Heart:



**Loud**

quickly, a Saviour Thou art. O Jesu come quickly, a Saviour Thou art.

**Altogether**

quickly, a Saviour Thou art. O Jesu come quickly, a Saviour Thou art.

**Loud**

a Saviour Thou art. O Jesu come quickly, a Saviour Thou art.

Salvation I need, I want to be freed  
From all my Distress,  
And feel in my Heart the rich Blessings of Peace.

I thirst to be thine, To feel thee within  
Diffusing abroad  
Thy Love, that my Heart may ascend unto God.

This, Lord, thou canst do, And give me to know  
My Sins are forgiv'n,  
My Treasure laid up in the Kingdom of Heav'n.

Take me as I am, Thy Property claim;  
My Nature refine,  
And form my Affections and Tempers divine.

No more would I breathe, For Objects beneath,  
But live to thy Praise,  
Advancing in Knowledge, and growing in Grace.

## HYMN VII

Slow

How sad our State by Nature is, Our Sin how deep it stains!

How sad our State by Nature is, Our Sin how deep it stains!

How sad our State by Nature is, Our Sin how deep it stains!

How sad our State by Nature is, Our Sin how deep it stains!

And Satan binds our captive Souls Fast in his flavish Chains.

And Satan binds our captive Souls Fast in his flavish Chains.

And Satan binds our captive Souls Fast in his flavish Chains.

And Satan binds our captive Souls Fast in his flavish Chains.



2

But there's a Voice of sov'reign Grace  
Sounds from God's sacred Word ;  
Ho ! ye despairing Sinners, come ,  
And trust upon the LORD .

3

O may we hear th'Almighty Call  
And run to this Relief .  
We would believe thy Promise, LORD ,  
O help our unbelief !

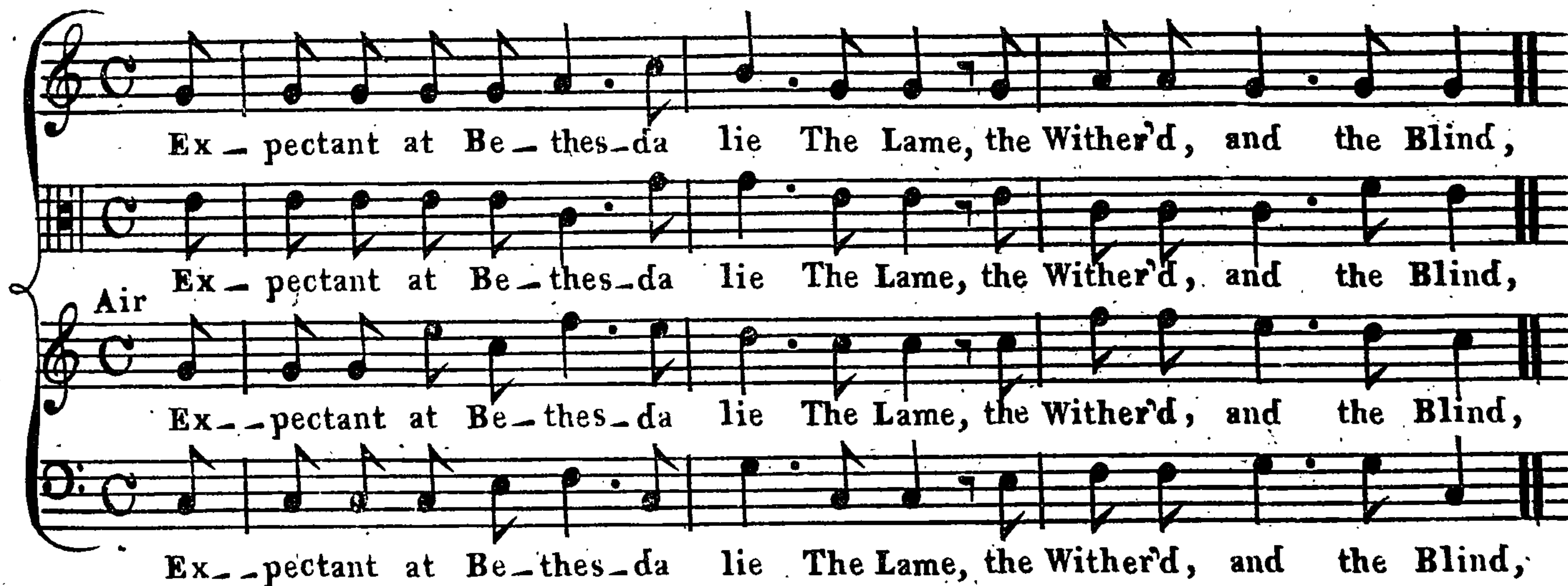
4

To the blest Fountain of thy Blood,  
Teach us, O LORD, to fly ;  
There may we wash our spotted Souls  
From Crimes of deepest Dye !

5

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless Worms ,  
Into thine Hands we fall ;  
Be Thou our Strength and Righteousness ,  
Our Jesus and our All !

## HYMN VIII

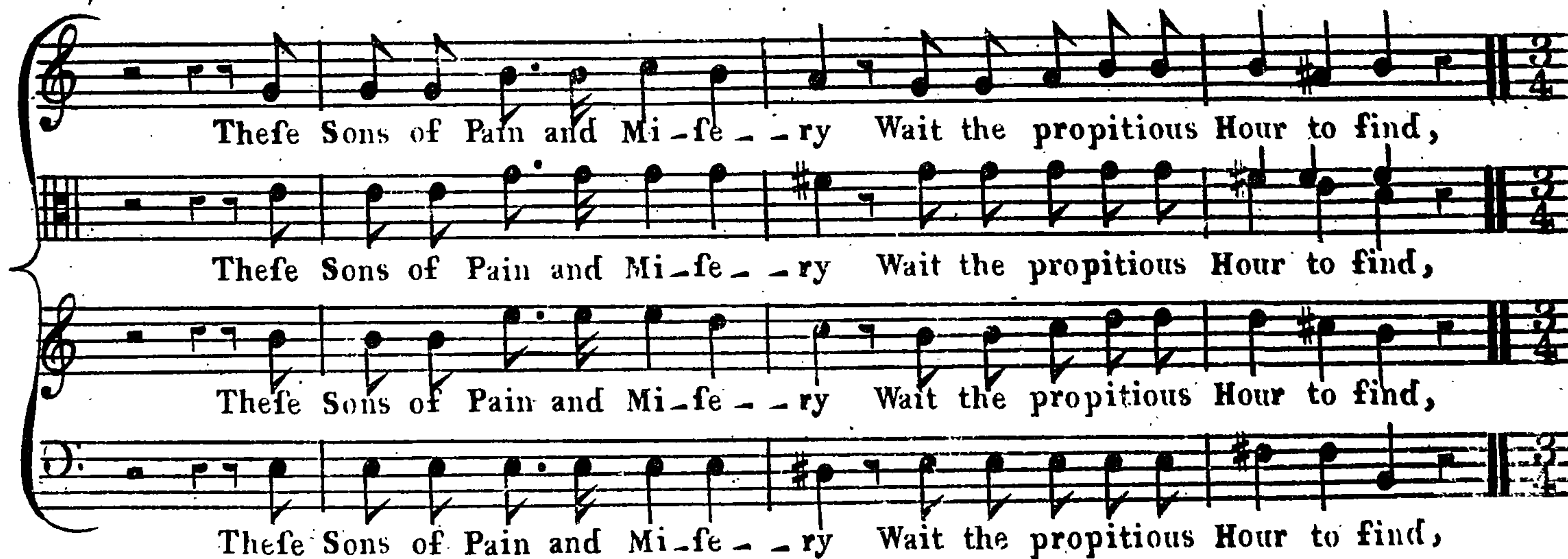


Ex - pectant at Be - thes - da lie The Lame, the Wither'd, and the Blind,

Air Ex - pectant at Be - thes - da lie The Lame, the Wither'd, and the Blind,

Ex - pectant at Be - thes - da lie The Lame, the Wither'd, and the Blind,

Ex - pectant at Be - thes - da lie The Lame, the Wither'd, and the Blind,



These Sons of Pain and Mi - fe - - ry Wait the propitious Hour to find,

These Sons of Pain and Mi - fe - - ry Wait the propitious Hour to find,

These Sons of Pain and Mi - fe - - ry Wait the propitious Hour to find,

These Sons of Pain and Mi - fe - - ry Wait the propitious Hour to find,



When the kind Angel from a--bove Shall the health-giving Water move.

When the kind Angel from a--bove Shall the health-giving Water move.

When the kind Angel from a--bove Shall the health-giving Water move.

When the kind Angel from a--bove Shall the health-giving Water move

Those Sons of Misery and Woe In us, O gracious Saviour, see, Halting, nor have we

Those Sons of Misery and Woe In us, O gracious Saviour, see, Halting, nor have we

Those Sons of Misery and Woe In us, O gracious Saviour, see, Halting, nor have we

Those Sons of Misery and Woe In us, O gracious Saviour, see, Halting, nor have we

Strength to go In strict Conformity to Thee, Sightless, in vain our Eye-balls roll, And

Strength to go In strict Conformity to Thee, Sightless, in vain our Eye-balls roll, And

Strength to go In strict Conformity to Thee, Sightless, in vain our Eye-balls roll, And

Strength to go In strict Conformity to Thee, Sightless, in vain our Eye-balls roll, And

Grave

all Infirmi-ty the Soul. And all In-firmi-ty, And all In-firmi-ty,

all Infirmi-ty the Soul. And all In-firmi-ty And all In

Women alone

all Infirmi-ty the Soul. And all In-firmi-ty, And all In-firmi-ty,

all Infirmi-ty the Soul.



And all In-fir-mi-ty the Soul the Soul the Soul .

And all In-fir-mi-ty the Soul the Soul the Soul .

Altogether

And all In-fir-mi-ty the Soul the Soul the Soul .

And all In-fir-mi-ty the Soul the Soul the Soul .

**NB .** The two following Verses must be Sung to the Music of the first Verse .

Yes, 'tis our better Part that lies  
 Expof'd to all these mortal Ills,  
 The Soul, th'immortal Spirit dies,  
 And Tophet's ceaseless Torments feels,  
 Unless a fov'reign Balm we know,  
 And Life from blest Bethesda flow .

Here, LORD, we wait, now move the Wave  
 The true Bethesda; let us prove  
 Present a mighty Pow'r to save,  
 The force of Jesu's dying Love;  
 Now let us bathe in Mercy's Sea  
 And find our Health, Life, All from Thee .



## HYMN IX

Tenderly

The bleffed Jefus is my LORD, my Love, He is my Choice, from Him I

Air The bleffed Jefus is my LORD, my Love, He is my Choice, from Him I

The bleffed Jefus is my LORD, my Love, He is my Choice, from Him I

The bleffed Jefus is my LORD, my Love, He is my Choice, from Him I

would not move. A-way then, all ye Objects that di-vert, And feek to

would not move. A-way then, all ye Objects that di-vert, And feek to

would not move. A-way then, all ye Objects that di-vert, And feek to

would not move. A-way then, all ye Objects that di-vert, And feek to

draw from my dear LORD my Heart . The blessed Jesus is my LORD, my Love .

draw from my dear LORD my Heart . The blessed Jesus is my LORD, my Love .

draw from my dear LORD my Heart . The blessed Jesus is my LORD, my Love .

draw from my dear LORD my Heart . The blessed Jesus is my LORD, my Love .

That uncreated Beauty, which hath gain'd  
My ravish'd Heart, has all your Glory stain'd:  
His Loveliness my Soul hath prepossess'd,  
And left no Room for any other Guest .

The blessed Jesus is my LORD, my Love .

Above's my Home, my Country is above,  
That blessed Land of Life, of Light, and Love;  
There my dear Friends, fled hence, with GOD are blest,  
Thither are swiftly hasting all the rest .

The blessed Jesus is my LORD, my Love .

There lives my LORD, and there I long to live:  
He gave these longings, and himself will give .  
Haste then kind Sickness forward my Design;  
That which breaks other Wedlocks perfects mine .

The blessed Jesus is my LORD, my Love .

LORD, hear these Groanings, and some Pity take  
On a poor weary Soul, which, for thy Sake ,  
From earthly Home, Friend, Joys, and all would part  
To be with Thee for ever where Thou art .

The blessed Jesus is my LORD, my Love .

In the mean Time, LORD, shew thyself to me,  
'Till thou shalt please to take me up to Thee:  
In Thee now let me find so much of Rest,  
As may with more Desire inflame my Breast .

The blessed Jesus is my LORD, my Love .

So seize on me that we no more may part:  
'Till Thou shalt take my Soul, LORD, keep my Heart,  
And dwell in me, 'till I with Thee shall dwell:  
This Earth with Thee is Heav'n, without Thee Hell .

The blessed Jesus is my LORD, my Love .



## HYMN X

Affectionately

0 Jesus, e-verlasting God, Who once for Sinners shed thy Blood up—

0 Jesus, e-verlasting God, Who once for Sinners shed thy Blood up—

Air

0 Jesus, e-verlasting God, Who once for Sinners shed thy Blood up—

0 Jesus, e-verlasting God, Who once for Sinners shed thy Blood up—

— on Mount Cal—va—ry; And finish'd there Redemption's Toil, And made lost

— on Mount Cal—va—ry; And finish'd there Redemption's Toil, And made lost.

— on Mount Cal—va—ry; And finish'd there Redemption's Toil, And made lost

— on Mount Cal—va—ry; And finish'd there Redemption's Toil, And made lost



Man thy happy Spoil: All Glory be to Thee. All Glory be to Thee.

Man thy happy Spoil: All Glory be to Thee. All Glory be to Thee.

Man thy happy Spoil: All Glory be to Thee. All Glory be to Thee.

Man thy happy Spoil: All Glory be to Thee. All Glory be to Thee.

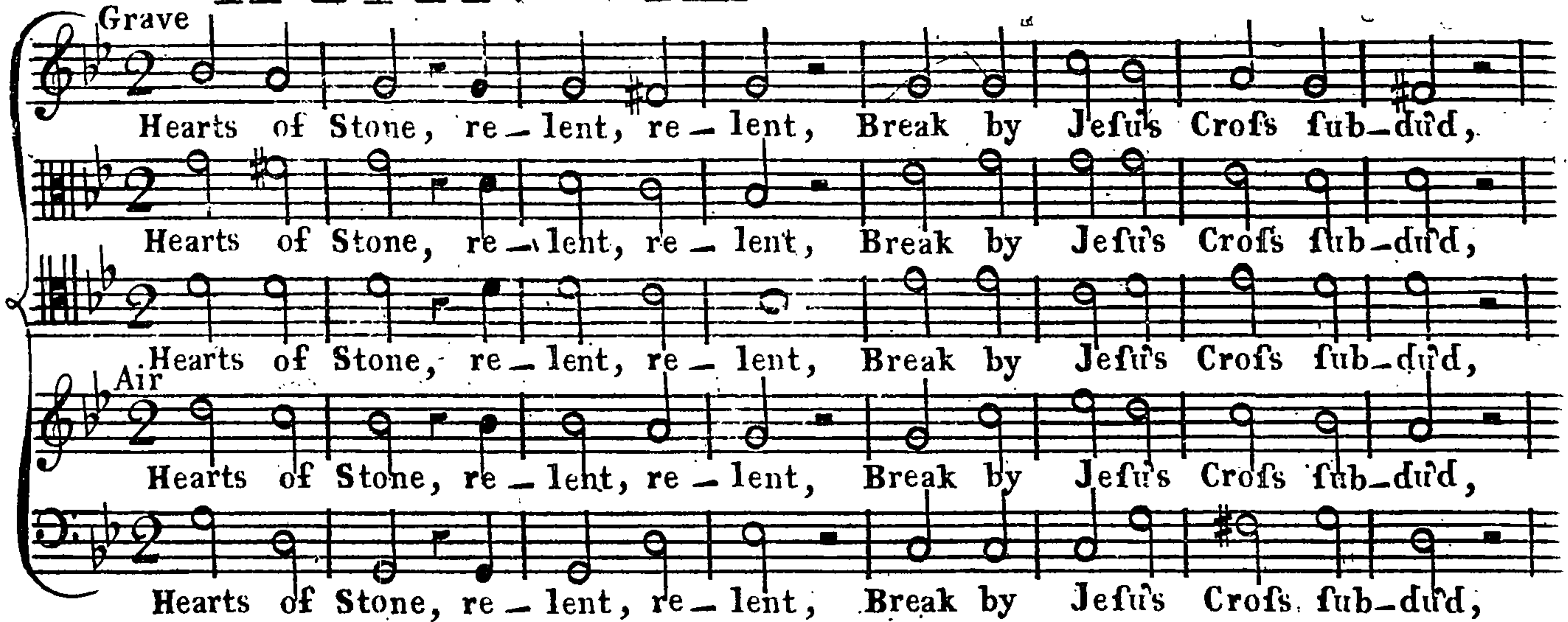
Fain would I think upon thy Pain,  
 And find therein my Life and Gain,  
 And fix my Heart and Mind  
 Upon thy Wounds and dying Love;  
 Nor from that Point my Heart remove,  
 But all my Heav'n there find.

Content and glad I'll ever be  
 To have Salvation, LORD, from Thee,  
 Ev'n as a Sinner poor:  
 I nothing have, I nothing am;  
 My Treasure's in the bleeding Lamb,  
 Both now and evermore.

The more, through Grace, myself I know  
 The more content I am to bow,  
 And sink beneath thy Cross:  
 And live by Faith upon thy Blood,  
 Waiting on Thee for ev'ry Good,  
 And count my Gain but Loss.

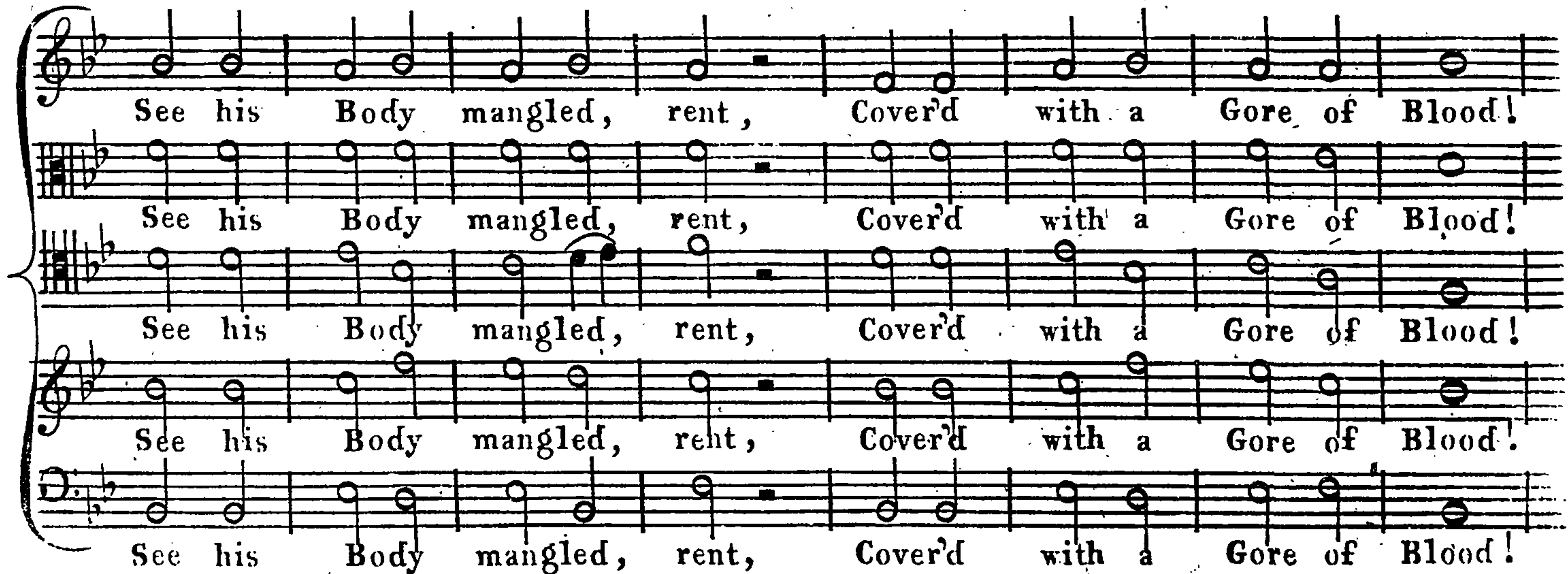
## HYMN XI

Grave



Hearts of Stone, re-lent, re-lent, Break by Jesus' Cross sub-due'd,  
Hearts of Stone, re-lent, re-lent, Break by Jesus' Cross sub-due'd,  
Hearts of Stone, re-lent, re-lent, Break by Jesus' Cross sub-due'd,  
Hearts of Stone, re-lent, re-lent, Break by Jesus' Cross sub-due'd,  
Hearts of Stone, re-lent, re-lent, Break by Jesus' Cross sub-due'd,

Air



See his Body mangled, rent, Cover'd with a Gore of Blood!  
See his Body mangled, rent, Cover'd with a Gore of Blood!  
See his Body mangled, rent, Cover'd with a Gore of Blood!  
See his Body mangled, rent, Cover'd with a Gore of Blood!  
See his Body mangled, rent, Cover'd with a Gore of Blood!



Sinfull Soul, what haft Thou done? Murder'd Gods e - - ter - nal Son!

Sinfull Soul, what haft Thou done? Murder'd Gods e - - ter - nal Son!

Sinfull Soul, what haft Thou done? Murder'd Gods e - - ter - nal Son!

Sinfull Soul, what haft Thou done? Murder'd Gods e - - ter - nal Son!

Sinfull Soul, what haft Thou done? Murder'd Gods e - - ter - nal Son!

Yes, our Sins have done the Deed,  
 Drove the Nails that fix Him here,  
 Crown'd with Thorns his sacred Head,  
 Pierc'd Him with a Soldier's Spear,  
 Made his Soul a Sacrifice;  
 For a Sinful World he dies!

Shall I let Him die in vain .  
 Still to Death pursue my God .  
 Open tear his Wounds again ,  
 Trample on his precious Blood .  
 No ; with all my Sins I'll part :  
 Jesu's Love hath broke my Heart .



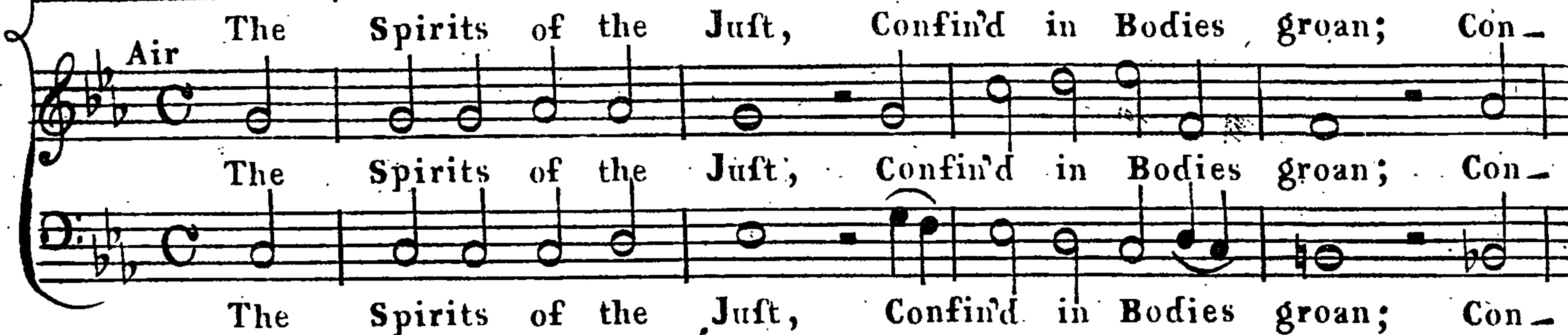
## HYMN XII

A Funeral Hymn Set to Music on the  
Death of the Rev.<sup>d</sup> M<sup>r</sup>. George Whitfield.

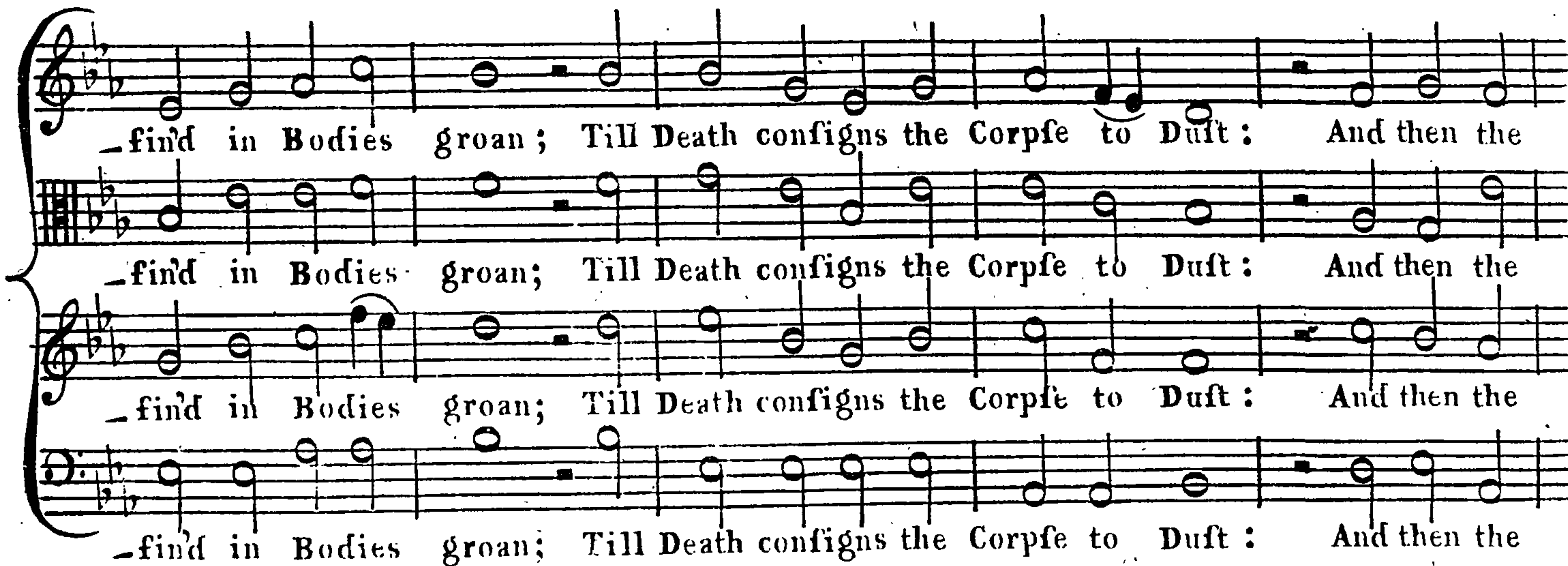
Grave



Air



The Spirits of the Just, Confin'd in Bodies groan; Con -



Conflict's done. And then the Conflict's done. And then the Conflict's done.

Conflict's done. And then the Conflict's done. And then the Conflict's done.

Conflict's done. And then the Conflict's done. And then the Conflict's done.

Conflict's done. And then the Conflict's done.

Conflict's done. And then the Conflict's done.

Jesus, who came to save,  
 The Lamb for Sinners slain,  
 Perfum'd the Chambers of the Grave;  
 And made ev'n Death our Gain.

Why fear we then to trust  
 The Place where Jesus lay.  
 In Quiet rests our Brother's Dust:  
 And thus it seems to say:

**Turn Over**



"Forbear, my Friends, to weep; Since Death has lost its Sting. Those Christians,  
 "Forbear, my Friends, to weep; Since Death has lost its Sting. Those Christians,  
 "Forbear, my Friends, to weep; Since Death has lost its Sting. Those Christians,  
 "Forbear, my Friends, to weep; Since Death has lost its Sting

**Loud**  
 that in Jesus flee, Our God will with him bring. Our God will with him bring. Those Christians,  
 that in Jesus flee, Our God will with him bring. Our God will with him bring. Those Christians,  
**Altogether**  
 that in Jesus flee, Our God will with him bring. Our God will with him bring. Those Christians,  
 Our God will with him bring. Our God will with him bring. Those Christians,

that in Jesus sleep, Our God will with him bring. Those Christians, that in Jesus sleep, Our

that in Jesus sleep, Our God will with him bring. Those Christians, that in Jesus sleep, Our

that in Jesus sleep, Our God will with him bring. Those Christians, that in Jesus sleep, Our

that in Jesus sleep, Our God will with him bring. Those Christians, that in Jesus sleep, Our

Grave

God will with him bring. Forbear, Forbear, Forbear, my Friends, to weep; Since Death has

God will with him bring. Forbear, Forbear, Forbear, my Friends, to weep; Since Death has

God will with him bring. Forbear, Forbear, Forbear, my Friends, to weep; Since Death has

God will with him bring. Forbear, Forbear, Forbear, my Friends, to weep; Since Death has



Loud

loft, has loft its Sting. Those Christians, that in Jesus fleep, Our God will with him bring. Our

loft, has loft its Sting.

Women alone

Our God will with him bring. Our  
Altogether

loft, has loft its Sting. Those Christians, that in Jesus fleep, Our God will with him bring. Our

loft, has loft its Sting.

Our God will with him bring. Our

God will with him bring. Those Christians, that in Jesus fleep, Our God,

Our God will with him bring .

God will with him bring. Those Christians, that in Jesus fleep, Our God,

Our God will with him bring .

God will with him bring. Those Christians, that in Jesus fleep, Our God,

Our God will with him bring .

God will with him bring. Those Christians, that in Jesus fleep, Our God,

Our God will with him bring .